

Trapped, rotbtd

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Summary: When a strange occurrence causes Rapunzel, Jack Frost, Merida and Hiccup to be trapped in a concrete box. Can they put their differences aside long enough to find a way out? Or did whatever put them there have other plans for them?

1. Chapter 1

_ Jack Frost**_**

The wind was howling as Jack Frost flew with it, nothing could have delighted him more than the sensation of flying, nothing of course but hearing children having fun because of something he'd conjured. Thank the Moon for giving him ice powers!

Having just left Pennsylvania, he was headed for Ohio, ready to make snow fall and cause frustration or happiness, either would suffice enough to make him feel connected. With a city in sight, he angled himself towards the ground.

_ Hiccup**_**

On Berk, Hiccup was testing a new saddle design with Toothless. For some reason, although in theory it should have worked, the saddle's foot pedal kept jamming and unhitching itself from the tail wing. Hiccup carried the saddle towards Toothless, who jumped on to a boulder.

"Come on, Bud. Do you want to fly again or not?" Toothless growled but lowered himself anyway, complying with Hiccup's requests. Hiccup attached the newest saddle model to the dragon and climbed aboard.

_ Merida**_**

Dawn was on the verge of breaking in DunBroch. Merida was already on her way to her home-made obstacle course with Angus, her horse.

She was racing through the trees, arrows flying smoothly and consecutively into their targets. She was ready to face the hardest and final target, which she always missed. She leaned into Angus, whispering, "This is it! I can feel it in my bones", Angus responded by twitching his ears. Merida grasped another arrow from behind her back and placed it in her bow, as Angus jumped over a fallen log, she pulled her arm back.

** Rapunzel**

Creeping through the castle's corridors, Rapunzel found the old map room. The guards rushed by, their footsteps hushed by the plush carpet. "Phew!" She released a breath and let her hair fall to the ground. Striding across the room, she drew the curtains and squinted at the bright sunlight. Climbing out the window and on to the roof, she looped her golden locks and lassoed them around one of the castle's spires. She took in the view of Corona, and sighed. Checking her hair was secure around the spire, she swung.

** Jack**

Jack landed on a tall building and continued running along the rooftops. Ice was created where his bare feet touched the surfaces and snow spiraled out of his staff when he waved it. On he ran aiming for the roof of a tall office block, he leaped and willed the wind to carry him there, but it didn't. Cartoon-like, he hung in the air before plummeting to the ground.

"Aaaaaaargh!" His cry was heard by no one before it was silenced.

** Hiccup**

"It worked! Ha ha haa. It worked!" He cried, as he and Toothless soared over the ocean. The pedal had not unhitched itself from the tail wing. Not during the take off, not during the gear change, not even during the loop-de-loop. Thrilled, they soared for a while longer, whizzing through nature's obstacle courses. The freedom of flight was soon to be taken away, however, when it was time to return to the Cove.

Although Hiccup had yet to test the pedal for the landing, its efficiency so far indicated it shouldn't be a problem. But it was. Putting the gear into landing jammed the pedal and once again it unhitched itself from the tail wing. Toothless sensing the threat, manoeuvred his body so as to be able to grip on to a cliff side, but the force of this movement unclasped Hiccup's safety rope, unable to purchase any grip. He fell.

** Merida**

In slow motion, Merida saw, heard and felt everything in the area, but most of all she felt the flames of victory in her heart. She had aimed and released the arrow, and watched it fly effortlessly into its target. She smiled, but to have seen this sequence of events she had to twist her body around, this allowed a low-lying branch to catch her off guard. "Umph." She said as she was knocked off Angus's back, stunned with the force of the blow.

** Rapunzel**

Corona was beautiful this time in the morning. Oh how she longed to not be a spectator but an actor in the scene often played before her eyes! But she couldn't. Her hair was the only thing that allowed her any freedom, and yet it was the reason her freedom was confiscated in the first place. Her parents, the King and Queen, worried about her safety what with such a highly desired item literally growing from her head, but there was a need for something outside the castle walls. Rapunzel did not know what that something was, but the need for it urged her to escape the guards every morning, risk her life swinging around the castle and face the exasperated lectures from her father when she returned from her little expedition.

Standing on the North tower, she looped her hair, ready to swing round the west side of the castle. But just like the other three characters of this story, she slipped whilst swinging her hair and fell to the ground like a bird falling from the sky.

2. Chapter 2

__**Jack's P.O.V**__

I woke up in the corner of a room. Opening my eyes, I searched for my staff; it was a few feet in front of me. Getting up cautiously, I surveyed my surroundings. It was a large rectangular room, roughly the size of a school gymnasium, completely devoid of light or colour, except for the dining table of food that ran length-ways down the room. Above this table, on the ceiling, ran a single glass window, the only entry way for light.

Grabbing my staff I inspected these items of interest. The food was of a glorious variety, from cookies to pineapples to beef stew, and although I do not need to eat to sustain myself, I found myself drawn to the ice cream. The deliciousness of the ice cream caused me to let my guard down, but I managed to heave it back up in time to ask myself a few questions.

Firstly, where was I? The room indicated nothing as to my whereabouts and all the sun told me was that it was early in the morning. But it was afternoon from what I could recall from my last memories of the outside world. Which leads me to ask:

What had happened between my last memory and now? Like I don't need food, I also do not need to sleep to sustain me, so I must've been knocked out. But, by who? And why? Had my kidnapper taken me to a different part of the world, which would explain the time of day? Or had I just slept for an eternity, which seemed unlikely?

With all these questions tumbling through my mind, I had not caught sight of the three other figures in the room. In the nearest corner to where I had woken up was a girl. Her entire corner was golden, on further inspection I found this to be because she had extremely long blonde hair that she was lying on top of. She was remarkably beautiful, and the serenity of sleep graced her features wonderfully. I left her to rest.

The corner opposite her was owned by a scrawny boy, wearing furs. Although his back was facing me, I could see his forehead was creased in concentration as though he was thinking deeply about something.

Smiling to myself I walked over to the last corner.

The girl had very wild, curly, red hair that covered her face. She was lying on her stomach, in her left hand she held a bow and her back was clearly displaying a quiver of arrows. She seemed the most threatening out of the three so I decided to keep my eye on her.

The situation hit me full force then. I was stuck in a concrete box, with no way out, limited light supply, food I didn't need, and I had to share this space with Blondie, Fishbone and Frizz who had not woken up yet and even when they did the situation would be the same, because they wouldn't be able to see me. Great!

"Well, this is going to be a fun holiday." I said to no one in particular.

3. Chapter 3

**Merida's P.O.V**

I woke up from a nightmare. One of those nightmares where you fall from a great height for no apparent reason and feel those butterflies in your stomach trying to keep you airborne by flapping their wee wings. The ground I was laying on was hard and cold, glancing round the room from the corner of the room, I discovered I was trapped, surrounded on all sides by dull grey walls and the same shade floor and ceiling, although the ceiling had a long rectangular window that split it in half lengthwise. The sun was shining brightly making me squint to see.

_Where am I and how did I get here? _Was the first question to pop into my mind. All I remembered was riding Angus... _Where is Angus?_ I looked around again hurriedly, but found him to be nowhere in sight. On my scan of the room however, I did find a table of food in the centre of the prison. I stood up, noticing I'd slept with my quiver on, and stretched. I picked up my bow, went over to the table and put my bow down as I looked at the assortment of food in front of me. I decided I could come up with an escape plan later. "Mmmmm. Pie." I sighed. All my favourite flavours too, whoever trapped me here knew what I liked. I piled a plate to eat and ate it where I stood. A sad smile appeared on my face as I realized my mother wasn't there to tell me off for stuffing my face or putting weapons on the table. I sighed as I pictured her perfectly poised facial expression. I was serving myself seconds when I'd finished my first plate, thinking I may as well make the most of this situation, when I was hit from behind with a missile of some sort. Quick as lightning, I strung my bow and turned around to face my foe. But no one was there.

A soft breeze blew my hair in my face, but I resisted the temptation to wipe it away as I scanned the room for movement, noticing for the first time a scrawny boy and a girl with very long blonde hair. Although I was interested in the girl's peculiar length hair, the boy was standing up. Assuming it was he who had struck me, I aimed my next arrow at him.

"Who are you? Answer or I'll shoot!" I asked him loudly. The boy was startled and tried to speak. But I think he was panicking too much to say anything coherent. I pressed the issue however.

"I'll repeat the question. Who-"

"HICCUP!" The boy spluttered, interrupting me. "What?" I asked.

"My name is Hiccup." The boy, Hiccup, said. I realized in those few seconds that he posed no threat towards me. He was weaponless and appeared weak, he wasn't my attacker. I put my weapon down, although still wary, and walked towards him.

"I'm Merida." He flinched slightly when I spoke, as though I intended to strike him. I put my hand out as a polite gesture and warily he shook it. Looking at me oddly, he said.

"Why have you got snow in your hair?"

4. Chapter 4

****_Hiccup's P.O.V_****

The girl called Merida was running her hands through her wild red hair in an attempt to brush the snow out. I decided not to mention that she could just leave it to melt. I was curious about her. She had a thick Scottish accent and a fire in her eyes that indicated she might be a Viking, from a neighbouring island perhaps. But she was more calculating in how she staged our meeting, a Viking would have pushed me to the ground and shouted insults and threats to scare an answer out of me; she also had a bow as her weapon of choice, far too delicate for a Viking, most prefer a short-distance weapon that can hack off a man's limb with one blow; lastly, she wore her hair down and wore a dress, impractical by Viking standards.

She caught me looking at her and glared, "What are you looking at?". This time I didn't back down, "Where are you from?" I asked without fault.

"DunBroch. Why?" I remembered from a few maps that DunBroch is on the mainland, that explains the similarities.

"I was just wondering why you seem like a Viking but clearly aren't." I shrugged.

She replied with an 'oh' and looked away. After a few minutes she looked back at me and started laughing, loudly. "I suppose you're a Viking then." Her laugh and what she was laughing at persuaded me that she really should've been born a Viking.

"Yes, I am and I'm next in line to take over my clan." I told her, she was not going to be fun to hang around with, but even though her attitude was insulting, it was also homely. Over her shoulder I spotted a glimpse of rustling gold. I left Merida, who was still laughing, and walked over to the strange anomaly.

It was a girl with very long blonde hair. She had turned over and was now facing me.

"I wonder where she got all that hair." Merida had ceased her laughing without me noticing and was now standing on my left observing the sleeping girl. "Let's wake her up. See if she knows

anything about why we are here." I said.

"No! For all we know she's the one who put us in this prison."

"Does she really look like she's capable of doing something like that? Plus, why would she trap herself in here here with us?" I reasoned.

"Well, no she doesn't, but I'm a princess and your a Viking, not something anyone would associate with us at first glance!"

"You're a princess?" I asked incredulously. "Aren't princesses polite and bubbly?"

"Hey! I never said I was traditional."

"I'm still waking her up." Merida just huffed whilst I walked to the table of food. The cheeses would be strong enough to wake the girl up; I picked blue.

"Why are you wasting the cheese? Blue's my favourite as well." She whined. I just ignored her and knelt down by the long-haired girl. I wafted the cheese by her nose, which twitched, and stood up just in case I scared her by being too close. Merida snatched the cheese from my hand and stuffed it in her mouth, glaring at me.

The girl started waking up, she stretched her arms and yawned. Merida, despite letting me wake the girl up, was still on edge, her fists clenching and unclenching around her bow. I put my hand on hers to put her at ease and to minimise any distress the waking girl might feel at seeing a weapon aimed at her.

The girl's eyes opened and closed, before opening once more and widening with alarm.

5. Chapter 5

**Jack's P.O.V**

I watched my fellow inmates. The red head, Merida, was indeed someone to keep my eye on. She was a fearsome character and had a weapon to hand, not to mention her appetite. I could have sworn she would have eaten the rest of the food had I not thrown that snowball at her, that wasn't my only reason for doing that though. I wanted to see if she believed in me, if this concrete box would change anything, but most of all I just wanted her to wake the others up so we could start having fun!

The boy, Hiccup (cruel parents!), was a different matter. He was quiet and worrisome, judging by the creases on his forehead, but quite intellectual. Despite the latter attribute, he looks like he's been worn down by society far too much to amount to the brilliant being he could be.

At that moment they were waking Blondie up, the only bit of co-operation I'd seen them do since they met, and even then they argued about it. She opened her eyes, which widened, and shuffled backwards into the corner in panic, fear clearly painted on her face.

"It's okay. It's okay. We're not going to hurt you." Fishbone was saying, kneeling down and putting his hands out in front of him, as if he were taming a wild beast.

Blondie looked at him and calmed down slightly, but her eyes kept flashing to Frizz.

"Put the bow down, Merida." Frizz attempted to protest but Fishbone repeated his order. Huffing, she put the bow down.

"What's your name?" Fishbone asked gently.

"Rapunzel." The girl replied cautiously. Finally I had a name to associate with her beautiful face. _Rapunzel_, I sighed to myself.

"Get up and have something to eat. There's plenty to choose from. You too, Hiccup. You're like a sack of bones." Laughing to herself, Frizz walked to the table of food.

Fishbone hesitantly followed after looking back at Blondie. Soon after, Rapunzel joined them.

"Why did you bring me here? Who are you?" Rapunzel interrogated.

"Darling, we didn't bring you here. But my name's Merida. And this scrawny Viking's Hiccup." Frizz said punching Fishbone in the arm. Blondie looked dubious but must of accepted the fact because she continued asking questions.

"Do you know who did bring us here? And if so, do you know why?"

"Stop asking questions we don't know the answer to! I've a good mind to-"

"Merida! She's only trying to make sense of our situation!"

"Fine. Well you can try to make sense of _our_ situation with her because I won't." With that Frizz left them and walked to the other side of the box.

"Sorry about her. I think she's just trying to hide her fear. But she is right, you know. We only woke up a while ago and there's absolutely nothing to tell us why we're here, or how to escape."

"But, what..." Blondie trailed off as I flew away from them. I could have so much more fun with Frizz than listening to maddening unanswered questions I had already been through.

I studied Frizz's features. She would have been pretty without all that hair in her face. But ah well, mischief knows no beauty. I lowered the temperature in the corner first of all, but she didn't respond, she just continued staring stubbornly into space. I dropped the temperature again.

"It's a bit cold in here, isn't it?" Rapunzel said out of the blue.

Although Fishbone acknowledged that it was, Frizz still didn't do anything, so I drew frost patterns around her. That got her attention.

She jumped to her feet and began studying the strange occurrence. "Frost." She muttered. I then made it snow, lightly. She spread out her arms and looked at the ceiling, where the snow was apparently coming from. _Perfect_. I made a snowball and threw it at her chest, catching her off guard and sending her to the floor.

The others noticed what had happened and raced to her aid. Well, Fishbone did, rushing to help her up and attempting to brush the snowball off. But given where the snowball landed, Hiccup didn't have much luck with this. Rapunzel just stood idle, a long line of golden hair flowing behind her.

"BLASTED WINTER SPIRIT. WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU YOU'LL REGRET THE DAY YOU EVER CROSSED ME," Frizz ranted, "That's twice he's done that." She stated more quietly.

I just laughed, looks like my stay here won't be too bad.

6. Chapter 6

**Rapunzel's P.O.V**

After the incident with the snow, Merida went absolutely mad; cursing the air for all she was worth. She refused to let Hiccup help her clean up her corner and plonked herself down and fumed silently. I would have tried to help her, but she wasn't the friendliest person in the world; I haven't the slightest idea how Hiccup put up with her.

We were all sat down now, silence rang in our ears. No one seemed in the mood to talk, I know I wasn't. All I could think about was what my parents thought had happened to me. Did they think I'd ran away? Did they think I'd been kidnapped?

Finally, I wondered what had happened to Pascal. The one morning I happened to leave him sleeping is the morning I'm thrown into a box. I wish he was with me.

The others were looking forlorn. Merida was stroking her bow, a comfort motion no doubt, and Hiccup was just staring at a piece of paper in his hands. In my state of curiosity, I went over to ask him what it was.

"Hey, Hiccup. Do you mind if I sit down?"

"No, not at all." He replied, hurriedly folding the paper and putting it in his pocket. Although I was slightly offended he wouldn't openly share the piece of paper with me, I pursued my quest to find out what had had him frowning.

"What were you looking at just then?" I asked sweetly.

"Uh... " He hesitated, looking awkward. " Nothing. Just a plain piece of paper." I looked at him skeptically and he just swallowed and half-smiled. I was about to push him further when, once again, it

started to snow.

It had happened several times since the first, on and off, getting stronger each time, but this time Merida really reacted.

"I'M GONNA GET YOU THIS TIME, FROSTY." I looked away from Hiccup to see she was already on her feet, bow at the ready, firing at the frost patterns making their way around the walls of the box, but she stopped without warning, looking as if she'd seen a ghost.

****_Merida's P.O.V_****

I saw him. I don't know who I saw, but I saw him. I was trying to anticipate where the winter spirit would be when I caught a glimpse of a boy running on the walls, dodging my arrows. He disappeared just as quickly, though.

"Are you alright?" Rapunzel was asking me from Hiccup's corner, where they had been talking in low voices.

"Did you see him?" I asked them frantically.

"See who?" They replied in sync.

"The boy. The winter spirit."

"Merida, there was no one there." Hiccup said tenderly.

"But there was! I saw him. He was running along the walls creating frost behind him." I was desperate for them to see I was telling the truth, but let's face it, I would be the first to laugh if someone else started shouting such ludicrous statements. What affected me was the fact that all they did was look at each other, a look that questioned my sanity.

"Merida, maybe you should get some rest. Confinement is known to play tricks on the mind." I looked at Hiccup to see if he really believed his words, sympathy and unease looked back.

With a huff, I declared I was going to bed. But as I laid down in my corner, snow and all, I faced the wall and came up with a plan to catch the Winter Spirit. There had to be a way to prove to them that I wasn't crazy.

****_Jack's P.O.V_****

The joke I'd played on Merida was fun, and it set me in good spirits for a while, but my mirth wore off after the hours they sat in silence, unbothered by my mini-blizzards. However, Frizz soon regained her feistiness on the twelfth attempt.

She was good with her bow and arrow, I'll give her that! I was running on the walls and I was having a lot of fun dodging her arrows. I wasn't sure her mortal weapon could harm me but I was not taking any chances.

When she stopped firing, I continued running along the wall. She proceeded to ask the others if they'd seen the 'Winter Spirit' or 'the boy', I realized then that she'd seen me. She had actually seen

me! For a few seconds she had believed in my existence. But why was I invisible to her now? She clearly believed I was real.

Frustration boiled inside me. I'd just blown my chance at being believed in. Even Frizz seemed to have given up on me, relenting to their requests that she rest. When she drifted into a deep slumber, snoring like there was no tomorrow, I let my anger out. I let out a shout of frustration and froze a bowl of punch resting on the table. It toppled over and smashed on the floor, frightening Fishbone and Blondie.

"Oops." I said flatly to myself. I carried on freezing things, prancing and dancing, waving my staff around to a tune of nonsense, but I missed out the cupcakes because they seemed to be the only thing Rapunzel had eaten so far.

My final act of annoyance was to freeze the room to my temperature. If they couldn't see me, they couldn't complain to me.

7. Chapter 7

**Hiccup's P.O.V**

Ever since Merida's outburst, the room had gradually been getting colder and colder. I was confused. There didn't seem to be an obvious answer as why it was happening. All the food was frozen, except for the small round cakes, but I wasn't too worried. The room can't stay this cold forever, can it?

Merida was still snoring, not even noticing the temperature change, and I, having lived on Berk all my life, was no stranger to cold, but I couldn't say the same for Rapunzel. She'd wrapped herself in her hair and was still shivering, the chatter of her teeth verging on annoying. I couldn't take it anymore.

Merida, albeit difficult at times, was interesting, despite being our enemy from the mainland. I ought to have tied her up and gotten information on when the next siege would be, but there was not point, it didn't look as though we would ever see the outside world again. I would liked to have had her to talk to at that moment, but she was asleep! Rapunzel on the other hand was wide awake. She was sweet and delicate, almost annoyingly so given the circumstances. I never thought I'd say this but I prefer strong women. Fearless, weapon-wielding women, who don't shrink into a shell when life puts them into an unusual situation. Either way she was too cold to even hold a conversation at this point in time.

I looked up at the window above my head and noticed the moon starting to rise into the starry sky. I fancied airing my thoughts, but dismissed the idea as silly. Hopefully tomorrow would bring some pleasant surprises, hey, maybe even some interesting conversations to drown out the silence.

Jack's P.O.V

All three of them were asleep again. Never in my life had I been so frustrated by the habits of ordinary people!

The Man in the Moon was looking down on me. I could feel his gaze

searing my skull as if he were the sun. I looked up and sighed.

"Why am I here?" I asked. "Why did you put us four together in a box?!" Once again he rewarded me with no answer.

"Just give me a sign that you did this for a reason. Something small, or maybe even something big like providing an exit from this concrete slab of nothingness!"

All he did was look at me, and I turned away in exasperation. Sulking, I sat down and messed with my staff. Freezing bits of Fishbone's hair to the ground, that could be amusing in the morning. One of Frizz's snores made me jump, however, and my aim went off. My icicle hit his jacket instead. On the inside was a secret pocket, that wouldn't ordinarily be seen, and peeking out of it was a piece of paper.

I had seen him with it earlier but it proved to be of no interest when he told Rapunzel it wasn't filled with anything. Time to see what he was lying about, I suppose. I opened it to behold a drawing of a dragon. What a shock to the senses that was. Investigating further, I found more pictures in his pocket. Dragon, dragon, dragon's face, dragon's tail, etc. What I also didn't expect to see was the machinery (?) attached to the dragon's tail. It has been scratched out and re-drawn, notes and explanations included (unreadable of course because it was all in Norse). It turned out Fishbone was hiding a little secret from the others, I couldn't wait to have fun exploiting it. Well...once I'd figured out what it was specifically.

I wondered what everyone else was hiding, so I crept over to Frizz.. She was holding her bow in one hand, her quiver of arrows resting against the wall. I stared at her for a while, wondering why she only glimpsed me, maybe after some sleep she would remember me. From an earlier conversation she had with Fishbone I gathered that she was a princess, of DunBroch nonetheless, but I couldn't remember where that was precisely. Did I make it snow there annually or daily? Had I watched her as a child throw snowballs at the other children? Would I ever know?

I want to try and understand this situation so badly!

The Man in the Moon wasn't being responsive, but it was definitely his fault I was here. I was struck then with an idea, maybe this is my chance to be believed in. The others must be different somehow, or maybe this box changes things.

Laughing to myself about how ungrateful I'd been about this situation, I unfroze the room, except for where I'd frozen Hiccup's head to the ground. That was too good an opportunity to pass up.

Although still bored, I sat in silence and, of all things, I meditated. Might be good to have a clear head tomorrow.

8. Chapter 8

**Merida's P.O.V**

I woke up on my second day of prison to the sun shining brightly in my eyes. As though sensing my consciousness, my belly rumbled. On instinct I went to the table of food. It had been completely replenished since last night! Grabbing an apple, I went over to Hiccup. I used my foot to nudge him awake by moving his shoulder. He stumbled on to his feet yelling, "I'm awake! I'm awake!" When he caught sight of me, his eyes widened. "Ah...Merida! Your here which means yesterday wasn't a dream."

"Enough with the flattery, Hiccup! Someone's been in and out of this place while we were sleeping. The food's completely refilled!" Hiccup, mid-yawn, looked at me and grinned, having caught my drift.

"There's an exit!" We yelled in sync. We were grinning like idiots with the information that had just dawned on us, but that could only last for so long. Hiccup's smile faded and was replaced with a quizzical expression. "But Merida. Where is it? Nothing's changed in the room since we went to sleep. It might be a little warmer, but that's probably got nothing to do with it."

"Bloody Vikings pointing out the bleedin' obvious! I don't care if nothing's changed! It doesn't mean anything. Just because the door isn't visible, doesn't mean it's not there. There are some of those in my castle, I've found most of them so far, they are mainly short cuts to the kitchens...Hey! What are you doing?" Hiccup was walking away, well, he could of just told me I was rambling on.

"I think it's time we woke up Sleeping Beauty."

"Why? The wee lass needs her beauty sleep. Leave her be." I was annoyed Hiccup wanted to wake her up, she just stood around all the time, a limp presence, occasionally trying to cosy up to Hiccup.

"Because three is better than two when you're trying to find a hidden door." He turned around to face me, his eyes daring me to challenge his reasoning.

"Fine!" I said, deciding that finding the door was more important. "But I swear if she starts whining or asking questions we can't answer, I will not be responsible for my actions."

"Just promise me you'll at least_ try_ not to fight." He said with a sigh.

"I will not be making any promises to you, Hiccup." Hiccup rolled his eyes and tenderly woke Rapunzel up. She stretched and opened her eyes.

"MORNING!" I shouted. Earning a death stare from Hiccup.

"Merida." He growled at me. I smirked.

"Why did you wake me up? Has something happened?" I inhaled deeply, determined to keep my cool, as the flower's questions poured from her mouth. As Hiccup explained what had happened, I ate an apple.

"Merida woke up this morning and noticed that the food had been

refilled. So that means someone's been in and out of this room while we were asleep. We woke you up because we think there is a hidden door somewhere and we might find it faster with three people."

"Okay. Who do you think came in?" Rapunzel asked sweetly, "Was it the Winter Spirit?" she then whispered to Hiccup while my back was turned. Having heard what she said, I grabbed a jug of alcohol of some sort. She had to bring up Frosty again, didn't she? I'd almost forgotten about my oath to catch him. Either way, what was more important, getting out of here and away from these people or disproving my insanity? I chose the former. Still not sure what the drink was, I took a swig. Aye, it hit the spot, having caused me to belch loud and proud.

I turned around to see Rapunzel looking at me oddly, so I smiled sweetly at her, "Oh, how rude of me. I forgot to ask you if you would like some?" I said offering the jug.

She shook her head, "No, thank you. But I wouldn't pass up an apple." I questioned myself whether this was a deliberate act to annoy me (eating all my apples), or whether she was finally opening up a bit.

"Red or green?"

"Red, please." I threw her a red apple, testing her reflexes, and was impressed to see she caught it with one hand. I nodded my approval and turned to Hiccup. "What about you?"

9. Chapter 9

Hiccup's P.O.V

"What about you?"

I glanced between them. Something didn't fit. One moment Merida was all fury (shoulders tensed and gripping the table tightly), probably because she overheard the mention of the Winter Spirit, but the next she was smiling and offering food.

"I'm fine, thanks." I replied warily.

"Suit yourself." Merida came and sat down with us. "What's the plan?"

I gave up trying to figure the girls out and got back to business. "When you're done with breakfast, I suggest we examine the walls carefully. It may take time, but there clearly is a way out."

"Great! What are we looking for?" Rapunzel asked enthusiastically.

"We're looking for any uneven surfaces, so run your hand from the floor to as high as you can reach; be sure to knock, as there is bound to be a hollow of another chamber; and press the wall as well, the door might be triggered by pressure." Merida informed.

"Anything else?" I asked noticing we were ready to go.

"No."

"Okay. Then let's get started. I'll take this side of the long wall, Merida you take the other and Rapunzel you take the far wall. When we are done, if we haven't found anything, we'll go to the opposite sides. If we still haven't found anything... Then we'll regroup and decide what to do from there."

We spent most of the morning searching for the exit, but we came up blank. We regrouped around what we thought was lunchtime and ate a fair bit of food. We then argued about what we should do next. We could re-do the walls (again) and swap places hoping to spot something someone else might have missed, or we could search the floor. In the end that's what we did.

We split the floor into thirds and crawled along our designated path, even going under the table at one point. But that search was useless. We sat down next to the table in despair.

We had dinner and although we tried to come up with another idea, we were too withdrawn to come up with anything good. Merida kept swigging from a ceramic jug and pulling faces at it. Rapunzel shrank back into her shell. And I just laid on my back, thinking.

"We could search higher up on the walls." I thought out loud.

"And how do you suppose we do that, _Viking_!" Merida snapped in response. I ignored her.

"We could search the ceiling. Maybe one of those bar things is the trigger." I said out loud.

"Oh, and how do we get up there to check, _Bones_!" Merida continued shouting down my ideas, getting angrier each time.

"There has to be a way out!" I cried in despair.

"There isn't! Just get over it!" Merida responded once again. "What?" She said when I looked at her in annoyance. "Stop looking at me like I'm a two headed deer! Me and Rapunzel were thinking it, and its about time you did too. We've been robbed our freedom and now we have to face facts. We are not getting out of this prison."

I stood up and locked eyes with her, "In the name of Odin, I will get out of this place, lest I be stuck with you for the rest of my unfortunate life."

"Well, you are stuck with me. So grab a drink, sit down and shut your mouth about how to get out!" She threw the jug she was holding and it smashed against the wall not far from Rapunzel, who shrank back in discomfort.

I gave up with her at that point she was far too drunk to reason with. I sat down and frowned at the floor. Part of me didn't want to give up but I knew deep down that she was half right. We were going to be stuck here, but not forever. If we continued to work as the team we had been today, and not get pushed back at every dead end, I was sure we would escape, even if we had to manufacture shovels and

dig ourselves out.

A few hours later there was still silence. Rapunzel was laying down, facing away from us. She might have been asleep, but I didn't pay her any attention. Merida on the other hand was wide awake, drinking and smashing the cups when she had finished with them. She stood up all of a sudden and frantically looked around.

"Hey, Hiccup!" Merida called out of the blue, distracting my thoughts, "Where's the bathroom?" I turned round to look at her. "Are you serious?" She nodded furiously, her eyes wide. I couldn't help it, I chuckled. Of all the things to bring down her pride, it happens to be her bladder.

"Stop laughing! This is a matter of urgency!"

"Just go to the corner over there. That's where I go."

"Eww." She scrunched up her face, "Ah well." She ran towards the corner shouting back at me, "Don't go peeking now or I'll have an arrow through your head before you can blink."

With the threat in place, she squatted in the corner. My cheeks reddened and I turned around.

10. Chapter 10

__**Jack Frost's P.O.V**__

They thought there was an exit. All because the food refilled. I shook my head.

I had been awake all night, attempting meditation and failing, and I noticed the food refill and change its variety. I knew who did it and I knew he didn't need a door to do so.

I watched them argue and agree with each other all day long. It made me slightly sad that instead of playing together, they were working on how to escape from an inescapable room.

They were interesting to watch, and amusing. Each one with their own special quirk or habit, such as Merida absentmindedly counting her arrows repeatedly, or Hiccup every so often taking his dragon drawings out and then putting them back in when he notices someone looking. And Rapunzel, even if she doesn't look like she's doing anything, is always doing something with her hands.

I had never wanted anyone to believe in me as much as I wanted them to believe in me.

I sighed as I watched them. They were getting tired and yet they still searched for an exit. In the end they gave up, and rightfully so. However, Fishbone wouldn't quite let it go, suggesting more ways in which they could find the door. Frizz was having none of it though, but that might be because she was drunk, and let's face it, she's a royal pain when sober. Rapunzel was awake but biting her tongue, whether it was out of politeness or reluctance to interfere, it was a wise decision.

A very long time after their argument, Frizz started getting shifty. I took notice of this while Fishbone didn't. Frizz looked around herself frantically, eyes wide. She looked like she was having an argument with herself before she asked Fishbone where the bathroom was. I burst out laughing along with Hiccup. She must've really needed to go, because there is no way she would have willingly asked him that if she could hold, not to mention when they had been stubbornly ignoring each other.

"Just go to the corner over there. That's where I go." He said nodding to where I was stood. "Eww." I stated simultaneously with Frizz. I shuffled away, wiping my bare feet, as she came stumbling over.

I spoke to the Moon that night. Not that I got a response or anything. But I aired my thoughts anyway:

Why us four?

Where are we?

What are we meant to do?

How do we get out?

Have I met these children before?

Why did Merida see me for two seconds?

Why?

You know, the usual thoughts. I was going to lose my mind in this box if I had to stay there long-term.

As the sun began to eradicate the darkness surrounding us, Rapunzel awoke from her sweet slumber. She went and ate some fruit at the table before surveying the room once again. Looking to the walls and back to her food, her face lit up and a smile broke out. She skipped merrily to the dining table and began emptying bowls of blueberries and blackberries, grinding them into each other with cutlery. She took the bowl with her over to the wall and began painting. She did this for ages, producing a largescale piece of work, but she could only reach so far up the wall. She wished she was tall enough to paint the tops of the trees she had spent all morning on, she paused for a second considering her problem before she looped her hair and attempted to throw it over the bars which were attached to the ceiling. She missed, over and over again, but her determination only increased.

I enjoyed watching her work; the painting, her thoroughness, all of it. In fact I was admiring her skills when I realized I could help. I caught the piece of hair she'd had just thrown and threaded it through the bars on the ceiling. She was surprised when this happened but nonetheless continued creating an intricate system of weaving that would allow her to reach practically anywhere in the room. I watched her for the rest of the morning, each smudge of paint, or in this case berry juice, carefully placed on her canvass.

**Hiccup's P.O.V**

I woke up that morning to colour. Shimmering gold above my head and purples directly in front of me. I glanced at Merida slumbering peacefully in a corner and left to find out what had happened. I discovered Rapunzel, engrossed with what she was doing. She had painted a discoloured forest to scale with the actual size of trees.

"Wow!" She jumped when she heard me and descended to the ground in greeting.

"Morning!" She exclaimed daintily. "When...How did you do this?" I asked.

"Well... I got up this morning, ate some breakfast, then I just thought, 'Isn't this place a little bland?', so I used the juice from the berries as paint and did a little bit of art. Ta dah! You guys were still asleep and I mean, if this is our home for now, we may as well personalize it." Her smile never faulted throughout her speech, but even that couldn't distract me from the _network _of hair on the ceiling. She noticed my gaze and began explaining it.

"Back at the palace, Mother and Father had a room for me where I could paint all I wanted. It was large but there were plenty of hooks on the ceiling which could support me for the larger pictures."

"Wow. Hey, Rapunzel, you realize what this means. It means we can search the ceiling and the tops of the walls for a way out."

"I know. I covered this wall before I painted it, there was nothing there, but I'm going to need some help reaching the other side. When do you want to start?"

"Right away!"

**Merida's P.O.V**

My head was foggy when I woke up, and the sun was already high in the sky. Hiccup and Rapunzel were talking in low voices over the other side of the room. I closed my eyes again, but then I realized what I'd seen: the forest. Admittedly it was out of colour, but it was still a forest. I stood facing it, nostalgia rising up inside me, but when I went to touch it, the cold stone of confinement met my hand instead of freedom.

Slightly resigned, I went over to the others. "Mornin'."

"Hey, Merida! Me and Hiccup were talking about art. Do you paint or draw?" Rapunzel seemed more animated than usual but she still looked sad, if you looked close enough.

"Ahh, me? No, I don't paint... or draw. But I do sew." I replied hastily.

"Oh, okay. It's just that we were going to decorate the walls and make them more appealing. You don't mind us doing that, do you? If we're going to be spending a while here."

"No, I don't mind. But why have you given up your search for the 'door'. With your hair we could search the ceiling and..." I stopped

talking when they looked at each other sadly. "Oh."

**Rapunzel P.O.V**

I didn't want to tell her. But I didn't have to anyway. She just sat down when she figured out that we'd checked the ceiling for a trapdoor. I pulled her up and brought her over to the table, talking about what animals to put in the forest.

She nodded and asked if she could sit alone for awhile. I didn't want to leave her but I had no other option. Hiccup was detailing the forest with a pencil he had so I joined him, but sometime later he went to sit with Merida. I watched them from my vantage point near the ceiling. They shared some bread and talked quietly together, I couldn't hear what they were saying but it would've been rude to eavesdrop anyway. I turned away when Merida started crying.

I did the same thing earlier when I realized we were stuck here permanently. I'm sure Hiccup went through similar motions. I sat back and sighed. This is life.

End
file.